DAY OF FAST TRAINS

ALL GREAT RAILROADS RESPOND TO DEMAND OF THE PUBLIC.

Best Time, Railroad Men Say, Is Made on Big Four Between Here and Cincinnati.

"WILD DUTCHMAN" THE DRIVER

WILLIAM NAGLE REALLY DOES NOT DESERVE HIS NICKNAME.

True, He Pushes His Engine Sensationally, but He Says It Is Not Dangerous.

Just now the interest of the traveling public seems to center in fast time, and in answer to its demand all of the great railroad lines are putting on flying trains. Within the past two weeks this has been done by the Pennsylvania, the Lake Shore, the Vandalia and the Big Four. The time of the flyers on all of these roads is exceptionally fast, but the best time is probably made by the Big Four between here and Cincinnati, the road connecting these two points, as engineers agree, being one of the finest stretches of track in the country. The train that makes this fast time comes into Indianapolis every day and is known officially as train No. 11. It covers the distance between here and Cincinnati, 110 miles, in less than two hours and fifty minutes, with stops and slow downs. It is made up of from nine to ten coaches. The station agents and telegraph operators along the road are on the lookout for No. 11 on every trip, for nothing pleases a railroad man like seeing a train rolling over the track at something better than sixty miles an hour, and, as this train has the right of way over everything else, it is always kept up to the highest notch of speed.

The exceptional time that No. 11 makes is largely due to the efforts and skill of William Nagle, the engineer, who is one of the oldest and most trusted employes of the road. He has had charge of an engine for over twenty-seven years, during which time he has made some records that will go down in railroad history. He has gained such a reputation as a fast runner that to railroad men everywhere he is known as the "wild Dutchman," which name might lead people to think that he is either careless or reckless, but this is far from being true, because during all his service he has never had a wreck and is one of the most conservative of men. Before Nagle ran on the Cincinnati division of the road he went between here and Kankakee. It was while making this run that he made one of the fastest trips, going the entire distance, which is 172 miles, in two hours and thirty-five minutes, including ten stops and a number of slowdowns that took up the entire thirty-five minutes. This made him go at the rate of eighty-six miles an hour over the whole way. Another record he made that railroad men always talk about when fast time is referred to was two years ago, when he went from here to Cincinnati in an hour and fifty-four minutes, with an ordinary train. This was on a special occasion, however, and there were no stops. The fastest single mile he ever went was in forty-two seconds, which is at the rate of ninety miles an hour.

Such running as this is the kind that makes young men old, but it seems to have no such effect on Nagle, for he has been employed by the road for forty-five years and now seems none the worse for wear. It was in 1857 that he started in as an engine wiper, and his name has never been off the pay roll since, with the exception of four years that he served in the Union army during the civil war. He, Edward Wall and James Watson compose the trio of the oldest engineers in the Big Four service.

There are two engines in the roundhouse that Nagle runs, each taking its trip every other day. They are of the largest sized passenger engines, but are not of the Empire type. Of the Empire engines it is said that their highest speed is not known, for men lack the nerve to tax them to their fullest extent. Engineers, like horsemen, have their favorites out of a whole bunch. Nagle takes most pride in engine No. 403. This machine can maintain the speed of eighty miles an hour and could probably go faster if necessary. It is an exceedingly handsome engine, and is equipped with all of the latest improvements, such as the short connected valve stem and what is known as the intermediate rod, besides having driving wheels six and one-half feet in diameter. Nagle makes more runs than the average engineer, for he goes out every day and on each third day doubles back, so in all he travels about 4,200 miles a month, which is over 50,000 miles a year. When visited at the roundhouse the other day he had just completed his trip and was overlooking his engine. He was not in the best frame of mind imaginable, for he had come in twenty-eight minutes late, and that will make any engineer feel bad.

BEING LATE AN AFFLICTION.

"Yes," he said, "when a fellow comes in late it breaks him all up, for if there is anything that an engineer takes a pride in it is being on time. What is the use of having schedules if we can't run according to them? And a man in this business is not considered much if he can't keep up to the notch. You bring a train in late and every man, from the superintendent to the engine wiper, will ask what the matter was and why you are late. It reminds me of what an old engineer once told me when I asked him why he tore around so about being a few minutes behind time. 'Well,' he said, 'if I can't run the engine fast enough they will put me on a yard engine until I can;' and what he said was true. We run according to the time card, and if we are slated to go at eighty miles an hour we are supposed to do it. It is the business of the engineer to get the highest speed possible out of the engine and to maintain it. If he don't then he is charged with being overcautious and losing his nerve.

"Of course, everything on railroads is now for the making of fast time, and the tendency to increasing speed will keep on until there is no knowing how fast they will have us going. I have been running on fast trains for a good many years, and I will say that we are now getting over the ground at a much higher rate of speed than we did some years ago. The public is wholly responsible for the time that is made now. It wants to go from one place to another as fast as steam can draw and steel carry, and it is not to be blamed. What is the use of spending two or three days in making a trip that can be made in a day or even less? It is often said that we are now traveling too fast for the safety of lives, but I want to say that this is untrue, for you will find upon investigation fewer wrecks among the fast trains than the slow ones. The reason for this is apparent on the face of it. Take a man running a fast train, or a flyer, as we call it, and he concentrates his mind directly on what he is doing and will never give anything else a thought. I know that on the runs I make from the time I leave this city until I arrive in Cincinnati I never look in any direction but straight ahead of me, except when I look at the valves to see if the water is running low. Now, if a man is going slow he doesn't take the precaution as when running fast. He lets his mind drift to other things and is not on the lookout for obstacles to turn up in his way like the man on the fast train, who is always alert to what is occurring about him, and his mind never leaves his work.

"Many engineers claim that this thing of running a flyer at sixty or seventy miles an hour is such a nervous strain on them that they are all unstrung after making a run, but I never feel any of this. After I make a long, hard run I am generally a little tired, but as for the feeling of nervousness I don't know what it is. I will say, though, that people who are riding in the coaches with the large cushioned seats little realize what the man in the cab is undergoing bounding over the rails and lunging from side to side at every lurch. It goes pretty hard, but then we like it, for if a man is once an engineer he is always one from the simple fact that there is a fascination about the work that a person cannot resist.

"There is only one time in my runs that I ever get to feeling a little weak, and that is when I see some one walking down the track ahead of me. The right of way of a railroad is private property, and people are warned not to walk on it, but they do, and when your engine is rushing along at the rate of sixty miles an hour it makes you feel quivery all over to see some one walking ahead. Yet, take it year after year, and I have been very fortunate about running people down. In fact, I can't remember when such an accident has occurred on my run. The engineers on the fast trains do not have as much trouble with people on the track as those running the slow ones, for every one throughout the country knows about the time that the flyer will go by and is on the lookout for it."

Mr. Nagle was asked if there was any certain trick in the running of fast trains, and replied:

"There is no difference in the running of the fast train and the slow one. There is one thing that a man should remember though, and that is not to get nervous, no matter what turns up before him. The engineers who run the flyers must also be men of quick decision, because a little wavering on their part might cause a bad wreck. If it is the engineer's opinion that the train should be stopped he should do so at once; but if he thinks he can get through, then all right—throw her open and go through, but don't hesitate. The success in running fast trains lies in the one fact of keeping your mind on what you are doing and not getting excited when something turns up unexpectedly before you. An engineer must always be on his guard, for going over the ground at sixty or seventy miles an hour he must act quickly when the time comes, as there is no chance to consider what is best to do.

"The engine I run makes from ten to twelve miles faster time than is ordinarily run. To be able to do this I have got to know every foot of the road between here and Cincinnati. For in knowing the track I can tell just where the long stretches of level road are before I get to them, and in this way I can calculate just where I can make up any little time that I might have lost at the beginning of the trip. In some places in making a run I will go way ahead of my schedule, but what I have gained here I will lose on some other part of the road that is not so good. An instance of this kind happens coming from Cincinnati here. For about forty miles out the road is rather rough, and on account of the grades—for the smallest of them will take away from an engine's speed—it is hard to make any headway, but after this there is a slight incline given to the road all the rest of the way, and as there are only two stops, the entire distance, which is sixty-nine miles, is made in a few minutes over an hour. In making fast runs it is in the stops and slow downs where an engine loses time. You take, for instance, a train that has to be brought to a dead standstill; it will require as high as ten minutes before it can be got well under way again, and when you are going at sixty miles an hour ten minutes counts a great deal.

ENGINES LIKE LIVE THINGS.

"It seems singular, but to a person who is associated with engines all the time they almost seem alive. This is on account of the sensitive machinery about them. You can't any more say what kind of time an engine is going to make when you start out with it than you can tell how a race horse is going to run. Some days when you take the machine out it will worry along, and you can't get it to running right during the whole trip, and then at other times it will start off perfectly smooth and you will have no trouble whatever. The weather has much to do with the way an engine works. When the atmosphere is damp and cold and the oil is thick the machinery works much harder than in dry, warm weather; when the oil remains thin. Then there is the difference in coal; some engines will burn one kind better than another. And the way the wind blows also has much to do with the speed that is made.

"The thing that helps out the most in making fast runs, and that which makes them possible, is the Westinghouse automatic brake. With this appliance the engineer has absolute control of the train; and when he sees danger ahead he can stop at will. Many people think that it is putting too much work on the engineer to have him watch the brake, but it is not. He by all that is right should have full charge of the train, because he rides in front, where everything that transpires on the track is in full view. It used to be that we would have to sight danger a long way ahead so as to give the brakemen a chance to get the brakes set. In those days when you whistled for brakes the men in the train could never tell what you wanted to stop for, and, consequently, they would not get them set as quickly as the engineer would have liked. As it is now, when he sees anything that looks dangerous he can have the train nearly stopped before the obstacle comes into full view.

"It is generally thought that the speed the engines are required to maintain," Mr. Nagle went on to say, "greatly injures them, but I don't find that this is true, because it seems that they are built for it. In fact, the engines are much larger now than they were some years ago. When I first began to run we carried about 130 pounds of steam, while now we use from 215 to 230 boiler pressure. It can easily be seen that if it requires this much more steam to get the engines over the rails now that we must be making much faster time and pulling heavier loads. The engines now, while larger, are not as hard to handle as the old-style affairs, because all of the improvements have been to make them run easier. It used to be the pumps on the machine would not work except when the engine was in motion, but now these pumps will work at any time and a full amount of steam can be had when the engine leaves the roundhouse. The lubricating of valves is another thing that is a great help. As it used to be a man would have to go round and pour oil on, while now the oil will run right on to the valve full of steam."

SIGHTS IN BETHLEHEM.

Birthplace of the Savior Marked by Striking Environments.

William E. Curtis, in Chicago Record-Herald.

It delights the soul to find at least a clean and well-kept town in Palestine, and the more so because it is Bethlehem, a place which appeals more strongly and deeply to the religious and poetic sentiment than any other on earth, because it has been the scene of the most beautiful idyls in human history; for was it not here that Ruth gleaned the fields of Boaz, and not only won a good husband, but became the mother of a long line of kings, and was it not here that Jacob laid the body of his beloved Rachael? Looking from the walls of the convent you can see the home of Jesse, the slopes upon which David herded his sheep, the farm of Boaz, the caves in which David hid from Saul, the fields in which the shepherds were abiding, keeping watch over their flocks by night when they saw the star of Bethlehem, and the paths by which they approached the stable in which the young child lay. All this scarcely seems real, but there it is, spread out before you like an ordinary landscape, like the views in any ordinary country, and there are no fakes in the natural features of Bethlehem. The landscape is exactly the same this morning as it was on that memorable day when Samuel came up from Gilgal to choose a king from among the chief men of Judea.

According to the legends, the star fell into a well, and you can see it there now. The rest is so real, so actual, so tangible that one is tempted to believe that story, and I saw the star myself, twinkling in the dark water.

It is a delightful four-mile drive from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, over a good road, between picturesque and sunny landscapes, and every foot of the way is filled with historical associations. We pass a great hospital, which Sir Moses Montefiore built for the benefit of the poor of his race, and the Temple Colony, where German Lutherans from Wurtemburg and Buffalo have set up a model town as an example to the inhabitants of the Holy Land; the Hill of Evil Council; one of several trees on which Judas is said to have hanged himself; the country house of Caiaphas; the house of Simeon, who wanted to depart in peace because his eyes had seen "thy salvation;" the well at which Joseph stopped to water his donkey when he was on his way to Bethlehem; the Convent of the Cross, which was founded by St. Helena; "there is the earth that nourished the roots that bore the trees that yielded the timber that made the cross upon which the son of God was crucified." Under the altar of the chapel the monks will show you a hole in the ground where the stump of the tree once stood, and pilgrims fall down and worship it.

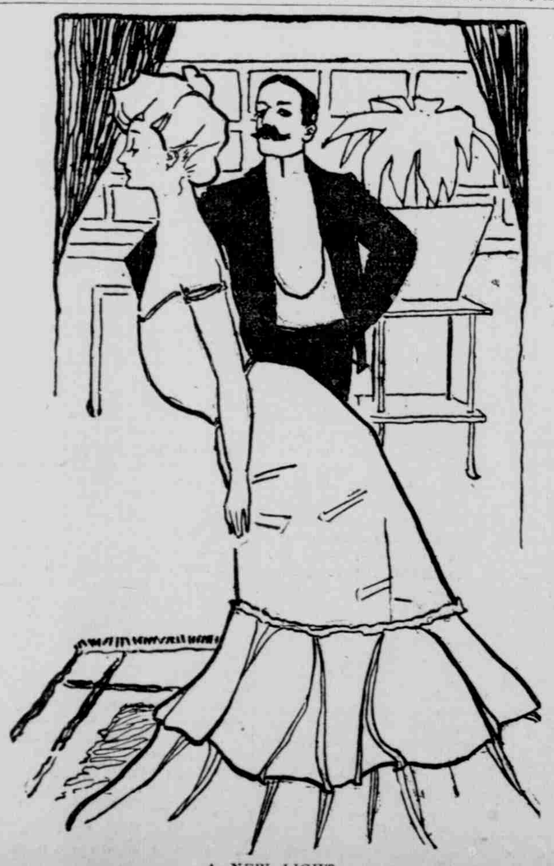
Strange bands, these pilgrims, particularly the Russians, but there are many others, and they come from all the corners of the earth, in hunger and thirst, through frost and heat, begging food on the way and sleeping under the stars at night. Their faith is mighty, their zeal a burning flame, and their satisfaction intense. Only a soul entirely free from the trammels of the world can kneel and kiss a marble slab which covers a hole from which a tree is said to have been taken 2,000 years ago.

Balm.

After the heat the dew
And the tender torch of twilight;
The unfolding of the few
Calm stars,
After the heat, the dew.

After the sun the shade,
And the beatitude of shadow;
Dim aisles for memory made,
And thought,
After the sun, the shade.

After all there is balm;
From the wings of dark there is wafture
Of sleep—night's infinite psalm—
And dreams.
After all, there is balm.
—Virginia Woodward Cloud, in July Atlantic.



A NEW LIGHT.

She—What is the largest known diamond?
He—The ace.

BETTING ON THE RACES

STANDING OF INDIANAPOLIS WITH SPORTING FRATERNITY.

While Not Regarded as a Racing Town, There Are Many for Whom the Track Has a Fascination.

CONSULT "RACING ADVISERS"

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS MEN PLACE MONEY THAT WAY.

A Poolroom Patron Says People Cannot Be Kept from Betting Money on Horse Races.

Indianapolis is not what the sporting fraternity would consider a horse-racing town by any means, but judging from the stray bits of conversation picked up in hotel lobbies, restaurants and other public places during the last week there are many business and professional men of the city that occasionally succumb to the fascination of betting on a horse race. Derby day at Chicago, a week ago yesterday, seems to have been responsible for the great increase of interest in racing matters here, for undoubtedly there has been more race-horse talk on the streets of Indianapolis during the last few days than at any other time since the American turf season opened, and the coming race meeting at the fair grounds should be a success by reason of the many "whetted appetites."

With a view to finding out just how much of a betting town Indianapolis is, a newspaper man made it a point during this last week to "talk race horse" to every man with whom he came in contact, and the result was somewhat of a surprise, for it soon became evident that a large proportion of the good citizens were remarkably well posted concerning horses, jockeys, betting and the general conditions at the various tracks where meetings are now being held. Indianapolis has so long been without horse racing of any kind that there is a prevailing public opinion that the city is a "dead one" so far as interest in the turf is concerned—an opinion that now appears to be erroneous. The systematic inquiry developed the fact that many citizens, who would be willing to fight if called "sports," are "putting up a little something" every day in a speculative way on a possible winner at Sheepshead, Washington Park or the St. Louis track.

SCORN POOL ROOMS.

Most of these speculators would scorn a pool room—or the pool room, rather, for Indianapolis has but one—not only because they do not care to become identified with the sporting fraternity, but because they prefer to go about their betting in a more respectable and less conspicuous manner. There are a score or more of "racing advisers" in New York city who also act as agents for Western patrons and it was learned during the last week that quite a number of Indianapolis men are intrusting their track interests to these professional bettors, all of whom claim to have "genuine inside information" and not to rely upon guesswork in the least. The man who wants to play the races by proxy sends an account of $25 or more to one of the "advisers" who proceeds to place $5 or $10 of it each day upon some horse that he picks as a winner, telegraphing or mailing the name of his selection to his patron every morning and at the end of the week remitting the winnings (if there are any) and deducting a certain percentage of them as his own commission.

Other track gamblers prefer to do their own betting, but rely upon the professional counselors for the "right tips," and pay them from $2 to $5 a day for "information" by wire. Many of the "inside men," as the agents delight in calling themselves, make it a point to live as near one of the race tracks as possible during the season, so that they may be on hand in the early morning hours, watching the trainers at work with the horses and closely observing every detail in the "working out" process. It is true that some of the men who follow this peculiar vocation are wonderfully clever in their judgment of horse flesh, the majority of them making a good deal of money during a turf season. They always speak of their patrons as "clients" and some of the letters which they write to their clients are of an amusingly paternal nature. An Indianapolis bettor, who has been placing an "account" with an agent at Sheepshead Bay, received the following epistle from his adviser the other day:

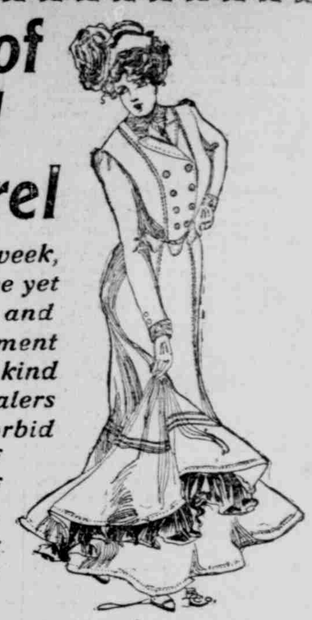
"I know of a number of good things that should go through at the asking this week. I am in a better position than ever to look after you and see that you are kept out of trouble. On Tuesday, in the sixth race, at a mile and a sixteenth on the turf, a horse will start that has just been specially pointed for this event, as he can run a ten-pound better race over the grass course. This one is in fine trim and a grass eater for fair, and his people are just holding their breath in anticipation of the race, as they know they are going to clean up a lot of money. Of course, I'll see that you are in on this good one. Just you pin your faith to me and my judgment and you'll come out all right. It's only once in awhile that I strike a loser." And, as the irony of fate would have it, this was one of the times, as subsequent events proved.

UNUSUALLY ACTIVE.

The one Indianapolis poolroom has been unusually crowded during the last eight days, the augmented interest in racing beginning with the American Derby, which is to Chicago and the West in general what Suburban day is to New York and the East, Derby day to England and Grand Prix day to France. A large number of Indianapolis men went up to Washington Park for that great racing event, and most of them seem to have returned with the racing fever. The poolsellers themselves say that "things appear to have picked up a bit," and, owing to the coming local meet, they are looking forward to an unusually big week.

"You can no more keep people from betting on horse races than you can make 'em fly," said a regular patron of the poolroom yesterday, as he reclined lazily on a wooden bench in one corner of the crowded, stuffy little apartment. "I'm all in for to-day, but I'll be at it again next week, for I'm due to win now. They talk about the 'sports' when they speak of betting on horse races, but that's mostly nonsense. There isn't a real professional sport in this place at the present time. That fellow over there in the Panama hat and the $4 negligee shirt, whom you might take for a blooded sport, is really a business man of excellent standing, who likes to play 'em once in awhile; the young chap who just won that long shot is a singer in a church choir, who drops in occasionally when he has the time, and the quiet fellow with the soft blue eyes is a deaf mute.

A Remarkable Sale of Stylish Spring and Summer Apparel



Gratifyingly great was the selling of the past week, but this week bids fair to eclipse anything we have yet done. Commencing to-morrow, with variety and economy as the keynote, we offer in every department merchandise of the most attractive character, the kind that have made Besten & Langen the leading dealers in Ladies' Apparel in the West, at prices that forbid comparison and appeal strongly to all lovers of economy. We've accumulated a vast number of odd garments which we cannot describe here on account of limited space, hence the following prices will give you only a vague idea of the many exceptional bargains that are here for you:

Suits that sold up to $15.00 go for **$10.00**
Suits that sold up to $24.00 go for **$15.00**
Suits that sold up to $30.00 go for **$20.00**
Suits that sold up to $38.50 go for **$25.00**
Suits that sold up to $45.00 go for **$30.00**
Choice of any Suit in the house for **$42.50**

One-Fourth Off

On All Silk Waists
On All Spring Wraps
On All Children's Garments
On All Silk Petticoats
On All Dress Skirts

Every garment in the house included in this sale—absolutely nothing reserved. Our stock is larger than it should be at this time, hence these remarkably low prices on high-grade goods, which should create quick sales.

TWO STORES
Indianapolis
Louisville

Besten & Langen

FURS
This is the time of year when your Furs should be made over. We offer a discount of 25 per cent. on all repair work and new garments made during summer months.

Burlington Route

ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND PACIFIC COAST

TO / FROM	DENVER, PUEBLO, COLORADO SPRINGS.		Salt Lake City, Ogden		SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES	PORTLAND, TACOMA, SEATTLE
	June 22, 23, 24, 25, July 1 to 13.	June 1 to 21, 26 to 30, July 14 to 31.	June 22 to 24, July 1 to 13.	June 1 to 21, 25 to 30, July 14 to 31.	May 27 to June 8, August 2 to 10,	May 27 to June 8, July 16 to 21.
	FINAL LIMIT, OCTOBER 31.				FINAL LIMIT Approximately 60 Days.	
ST. LOUIS	$21.00	$26.50	$36.00	$39.50	$47.50	$47.50
CHICAGO	$25.00	$31.50	$40.00	$44.50	$50.00	$50.00

Write the undersigned for further information, additional dates of sale, descriptive literature, reservations in our through Standard or Tourist Sleepers or Reclining Chair Cars (Seats Free).

A. W. WAKLEY, G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.
W. M. SHAW, D. P. A., 406 Vine St., Cincinnati, O.

who has of late been getting telegrams from somewhere or other, and I suspect he is patronizing an Eastern agent in hopes of picking a few winners. You can talk of the evils of betting all you please, but the people will go on betting on horse races just the same, as long as there is such a thing as a race track in the world. Take away the betting and the sport will end then and there. I'm not standing up for gambling as a profession, but merely looking at the thing from a human standpoint. It's human nature to bet on a horse race, and that's all there is about it."

IN THE GOSSIP'S CORNER.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, in closing the debate on the isthmian canal bill the other day, perhaps did not go outside of the facts, but he was in some respects misleading in his efforts to make capital—i. e., votes—for the Nicaraguan route. Mr. Morgan denounced the Panama route as a "place where labor and death join hands." He said he had been trying to protect the United States from the shame of intercourse with it. Those who wanted to "touch that thing" might do so. "I would not do it," he declared, "for both canals."

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This is very touching, but not altogether accurate. Doubtless it is true that "labor and death join hands" there if the labor conditions are not proper; but if they are proper, labor and death will be further apart than in the cotton fields of Alabama. When the De Lesseps Company planned its big ditch part of the contracts were let in New York to American contractors and part in Paris and Marseilles to French contractors. The New Yorkers took with them complete medical, commissary and quartermasters' outfits, identical with those then used by the United States army. Their medical officers were men of high standing in the profession, their commissariat was unequaled in similar works since history was. The camps were well policed, the men were well housed and well fed on wholesome and well-cooked food; their clothing was looked after and close watch was kept on their personal habits. When they became sick they were hustled away to model hospitals in the highlands or on islands far enough at sea to be out of reach of the miasmatic vapors of the Chagres river. The Frenchmen threw up their hands in horror at such extravagance. It would bankrupt the contractors, however nice it might be for the men; and anyway, it wasn't in the nature of the laboring man to appreciate such things. They had no medical department, their men huddled in flimsy tents or slept on the beach, and starved on meager, half-rotten rations. What was the outcome?

The Americans grew lean and brown, but they worked and were strong, and their death rate was less than forty to the thousand. Before the Frenchmen had their work staked off the American contractors shipped their men home, with their part of the work completed and millions of profits in their pockets. The French laborers died like sheep in the shambles, and those who did not die were too weak to work. The French contractors threw up their obligations—bankrupt. All of which goes to prove (as do the American sanitary records in Cuba and the Philippines) that proper safeguards can and will divorce the joining of hands of labor and death along the line of the Panama isthmian canal.

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As a disciple, in a small way, of the gentle art of philately, I have been interested to know the meaning of the perforated letters found in many foreign stamps, notably those of Great Britain, and occasionally those of Ceylon and India. As I have been asked several times concerning the same matter, I here append the very plausible explanation resulting from a short investigation. These perforated letters and sometimes, in the Oriental British issues, overprinted names and initials, are allowed by the officials, with the understanding that the marks are to serve as a preventive of theft of the stamps or their use by unauthorized persons. Letters bearing the initialed stamps deposited by persons other than those whose mark they bear would excite suspicion and lead to investigation. In short, the marks are of much the same nature as the precancellations allowed by the American postal authorities, though the purpose is altogether different.

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It is pertinent to remark that there should be nine pearls in the crown on the new British stamps, counting from the orb on either side. As the new stamps show but five, six or seven, we are likely to hear that the engraver of the stamps has been arrested for stealing the crown jewels.

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I wrote recently to a friend in the Egyptian capital for certain postal cards that I desired for my collection. He is not a postal-card collector, but is an enthusiastic "philat" and he sent me, among others, some beautiful Sudanese stamps. As he is a young Arab whose education in English has been attained since he reached his 'teens, I quote a paragraph from his last letter to show what the English civil service in Egypt (he is a clerk in the Public Debt Office at Cairo) is doing for the "Mother of Nations" and her children. Here it is:

"Re the postal cards, you can write to Mr. George J. Bittar, 11, Daher street, Cairo, in case you wish to have cards showing views of Egypt. But if the cards you want are for your post-stamps collection, I shall send you what I can possibly have. As for my part, I am not much interested in the postal cards. I am sending you this address of my friend Mr. Bittar, praying you to give it to any postal cards collector if you don't want write him. I prefer very much to increase my collection of stamps."

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This is fairly scholarly English, and the handwriting in which it is framed is of a beautifully round, clerkly type that is a joy to read, and would make life a flowery bed of ease for typos and proofreaders if all the matter they handle could come in it.

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The famous old Iron Brigade, of which the Nineteenth Indiana Infantry was such an honorable part, has furnished the theme for the latest of Gen. Charles King's novels, and its campaigns are not only the theme, but its name is the name of the soldier-author's book, which is said to be the equal of any that he has written. If this be true, then the book is worth the reading. But it must be admitted that he had a great subject to inspire his pen, for the Iron Brigade stands pre-eminent among the organizations of the Union army to even a greater degree than Pickett's Virginians are pre-eminent in the army of the South, for while the fame of the Virginians was gained in a single desperate charge, that of the Iron Brigade was won in a dozen great battles and scores of forced marches. One of its regiments fired the first shots at Gettysburg, and it was there that Gen. Lucius Fairchild, its then commander, lost an arm. Its commanders were Gen. Rufus King, who died in New York in 1876; Gen. Ed S. Bragg, the famous Gold Democrat of Fond du Lac, Wis., first consul general to the Cuban republic; Gen. Lucius Fairchild, who died in Madison, Wis., in 1896; Gen. Lysander Cutler, who died in 1886 from the effects of a wound received in 1864, and Gen. John Gibbon, a regular army officer whose West Point ideas, disciplining the brigade in the earlier days of its service put it far above the general run of volunteer organizations. He was retired from the army in 1891 and died in 1896. The regiments and their percentages of battle losses were: Second Wisconsin, 19.7; Sixth Wisconsin, 12.5; Seventh Wisconsin, 17.2; Nineteenth Indiana, 13.3; Twenty-fourth Michigan, 15.2. If these figures count for anything, Captain King has chosen well in deciding to weave a romance out of the history of this famous organization.

THE GOSSIP.

ABOUT ALL HE WON.

"What did you win on that last race?"
"Experience."